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## FRIENDS.

*Miss Clara (discussing the church fair):* WE ARE DOING SPLENDIDLY AT MY TABLE. LAST EVENING A GENTLEMAN GAVE ME A TEN-DOLLAR BILL TO PAY FOR A TWO-DOLLAR TIDY AND WOULD ONLY ACCEPT FIVE DOLLARS IN CHANGE. WASN'T THAT NICE IN HIM?

*Miss Ethel (with a little cough):* VERY. LAST EVENING A GENTLEMAN GAVE ME A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL TO PAY FOR SOME TRIFLE AND WENT OFF WITHOUT WAITING FOR ANY CHANGE AT ALL.

*Miss Clara (with the same style of cough):* YES, I SUPPOSE IT WAS WORTH THAT TO HIM TO GET AWAY.



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A CONTEMPORARY avers that LIFE shows neither consistency nor dignity in its attitude toward the Metropolitan Museum and the Sunday opening question.

As to our consistency, we have to say that such a degree of that commodity, in dealing with these two questions, as will prevent an unthinking paragrapher from airing his wit at our expense is exceedingly hard to maintain. It is a misfortune with which we have to contend that we cannot advocate the opening of the Museum without advocating the exhibition of the Cesnola collection, which, through the ignorance of our archæological savants, has gained admittance to the Museum. We submit, however, that in thus calling us to account our contemporary shows neither a regard for the dignity of the editorial position nor a consistency with exact truth.

We do not advocate the exhibition of the Cesnola collection on Sundays or on other days, because we cannot believe that a monument to ignorance and deceit can in any wise benefit our poorer brethren. Better throw open the doors of the Eden Musée, where the exhibits pretend to be no more than what they are, and where, if Queen Victoria is sometimes made over or restored into O'Donovan Rossa, it is at least done with some regard to canons of art.

We do advocate a principle, and if the organs which oppose this principle have no better argument than that of misrepresentation, it is to us a gratifying acknowledgment that their cause is weak and they know it.

A TRUSTEE of the Metropolitan Museum has lately stated that the city's contribution to the support of the institution is \$12,000 per annum, and that the expenses amount to \$33,000. A little more than one-third of the expense, therefore, of maintaining the Museum is borne by the taxpayers, who receive in return—what?

The aim of the institution is to educate. Whom does it educate, granting an educational value to the cobblestones forming the Cesnola treasure? As far as we can see, the already educated receive all the advantages of the institution, while the masses, who defray one-third of the expense, are

not permitted to view and learn from that for the support of which they are taxed.

There seems to be but one way to solve this problem.

Corporations have no souls, we are told, and if the corporation of New York, which could not get to heaven if it had one, refuses to grant the \$12,000 per annum to the Museum without some adequate return, this matter would very soon be settled and the city could have no load on its conscience. Strike at the pocket of the Sunday-closing bigot and you strike his heart.

Make these saintly archæologists show the taxpayers their \$12,000 worth or go without their money!

If this were done, counting Mr. Cesnola and his rocks at their true value, there would be a considerable margin for the instruction of the workingman.

NOTHING is certain in this life excepting that the unexpected has a good chance of coming off. Perhaps it is a sense of this very possibility of the unexpected that prevents the citizens of Tarrytown from allowing their suspicions to prompt them to definite action. LIFE has nothing positive to assert about the Tarrytown burglaries, but if it were our town and we could not get our natural repose for sitting up nights with loaded pistols, we would ponder somewhat upon the characteristics of our neighbors, and when the dog came home in the morning with a piece of trowsers in his mouth we would observe whether it matched the coat and waistcoat of Mr. J—y G—d or Mr. C—r—s W. F—ld. That's all.

“OUR cities would be much purer,” Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says, “if women held the power they should.” Women would undoubtedly have all the power they could use if they had half the appreciation of existing conditions displayed by a Northampton County (Pa.) child, who, being required to define man in twenty words, wrote: “Man is an animal who stands up; he is not very big, and he has to work for a living.” Man being such, and handicapped as aforesaid, and moreover constitutionally apt to stand up and take punishment, there is obviously no limit to woman power except her will. If she has not all the power she might have, it is only because she does not want it.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE also says: “Women make mistakes, to be sure, but supposing all politicians who made mistakes were immediately rejected from office, what would be the result?”

If this is a conundrum, we give it up. But if it is the attempt of noble womanhood to get at a great moral truth, LIFE feels bound to submit that one result would be at least one vacancy in President Cleveland's Cabinet.

# A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

"YOU look troubled, old chappie," said J. Buckingham Stubbs, meeting his friend, Willie Willoughby Higgins, on the avenue.

"Ah! you v'e stwuck it, m' dear fello'. Am in an awful state," said Willie.

"Women, or debts, or both?"

"No—nothing sort—ah—fact is, I find it utterly impossible, do n't y' know, to make up my mind whether I—ah—shall have the cape of my—ah—new top-coat one or—ah—two feet long," said J. Buckingham.

"Two feet, my dear fellow—ah—two feet, by all means!" ejaculated Willie.

"Thanks—ah—thanks, awfully. You've taken a—ah—perfect mountain off my—ah—mind. Have n't done so much—ah—thinking in years—no, dear boy, not in years. Ah, let's have a dwop of soda with—ah—a dash of bwandy. I feel—ah—all knocked to pieces—weaction, I suppose." And they adjourned to the nearest café.

IT is asserted that if old Ananias—"shamed full oft by later liars on earth"—were to reappear in the flesh, he would edit a daily paper in Cincinnati.

STAMPING GROUND.—The post-office.



*She (timidly):* I HOPE YOU ARE NOT A RECKLESS DRIVER?

*He (fishingly):* NO, ALTHOUGH I WAS CONSIDERED QUITE RECKLESS WHEN YOUNG.

*She (naively):* O, I AM SO GLAD I DID NOT KNOW YOU THEN.

# A LITTLE HAND.

I HELD a little hand in mine, And eager gazed upon it, Nor dreamed it would inspire a line

Of this brief, simple sonnet. And then I dropped it like a shot, And made no vain excuses, For who could hope to win a pot Upon a pair of deuces?

THE Chinese name for the devil is *It Ching*. From this it may be inferred that the term "Old Scratch" is of Chinese origin.

A SALVATION ARMY squadron at Lansing, Michigan, advertised a "four days' special attack on the devil." We have not yet learned who came out ahead.

A SOAP peddler came near being mobbed in Chicago the other day. Chicagoans will stand almost anything but a personal insult.

# COMMON, BUT NOT COMPULSORY.

"PA," asked a little boy, "when a politician goes into office does he have to take an oath?"

"Yes."

"And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?"

"Yes, but there is nothing compulsory about it."

# SKEER'N DE OLE MAN.

O DOWN by de ribber—  
Down by de ribber

I 'se a-gwine ter a-bave a-my poo' so' feet,

An' ercross dat ribber,

I 'se a-gwine ter a-walk a-on a gol'-dus'street,

Down by de ribber.

GOOD LOR'! Wh'—what yo' mean, chile, a-jump'n frum behin' dat co'n-crib a-skeer'n de ole man fer? Humph? I 'se got er min' ter tan yo' brack hide, 'n dat 's de trufe. Jes' han' me dat club; de *bigges'* one,—a-jump'n out frum behin' dat co'n-crib—doan' yo' heah me a-ax'n yo'? Humph?

Dar wuz once't er little nigger—not a han' higher 'n yo' dar—'n he jump out wif er wile hoop like a In-jine frum behin' de co'n-crib a-skeer'n ob a ole man a-chopp'n stove-

wood, an' a—a—no, dar wuz *free—free* ob dem,—free ob de bigges' kin' ob b'ars! 'n dem b'ars jes' clumb'd right ober dat fence whur dey wuz a-wait'n behin' er stump, de b'ars did, 'n dey eat 'm all up; dar wuz n't a toe-nail lef'.

*De ole man? Eat up de ole man?*

What yo' a-tink'n I 'se tak'n 'bout? Eat up de poo' ole man! No, sah! de b'ars et up de boy; de boy whut cum'd a-jump'n out frum behin' de co'n-crib a-skeer'n ob de ole man a-chopp'n wood; an' de ole man he et up de b'ars; he a-mos' choke he-sef on de buttons whut wuz on dat boy's jacket, 'n he wuz mighty sick fur mos' a whole day frum a-eat'n so much b'ar 'n dem buttons; but dat boy he neber say'd any mo', "Go down de street, ball-head," ner cum a-jump'n out frum behin' dat co'n-crib a-skeer'n ob de ole man.

B. Zim.





#### SOCIETY NOTE.

O, THE social atmosphere  
Now is getting rather sere,  
And all worn out and tired are the buds, buds, buds;  
And their joys are interrupted,  
For papas are all bankrupted  
By the little bills they're paying up for duds, duds, duds.

And the only hope that's left them  
Is that ere the law's bereft them  
Of the money which the daughters all have spent, spent,  
spent,  
They may get across the border  
To the province of Ca-naw-da,  
There to while away the pious time of Lent, Lent, Lent.

MR. GARLAND seems to be in a fair way to fall from the frying-pan electric into the fire of a Congressional Investigation.

"YES," said the Boston young lady, humming "We're Very Wide Awake, the Moon and I," "that is the most contagious atmosphere I ever heard."

MR. HOWELLS turns upon his critics in the February *Harper's Magazine* and professes not to care for them because they are either too old or too young.

Mr. Howells himself must have suffered greatly from "too youngness" when he wrote his poems.

THE Harpers have just published a love story called *A Man of Honor*.

It ought to make a good companion volume to Mr. Bun-ner's novel, *A Woman of Honor*.

WILLIAM HENRY BURR has written a pamphlet on *Bacon and Shakespeare*.

Mr. Burr should shake that chestnut.

THE Apaches have been driven to cover.

It's a good thing. An uncovered Apache would be a pitiable object at this season of the year.

ALLITERATION is growing in popular favor to such an extent that a leading periodical is seriously considering the advisability of re-christening itself *Harper's Hebdomadal*.

THE solution to the Irish question is commonly supposed to be "Wil, Gimme Phwisky!"

WON'T somebody please start a mad-cat scare and make a law to have every cat in the country muzzled with a soft pedal attachment.

AN exchange states that the mean death rate among the rich classes of England is fifty-five years. The mean death rate among the poor people is forty-one years.

This proves that rich people are meaner than the poor.

THERE are nearly a hundred members of the New York Authors' Club. The Philadelphia Author's club is his pen.—*Philadelphia News*.

This confirms our suspicion that Philadelphia humorists write with a club.

AS Bismarck has been so successful in exterminating the Poles from the Fatherland, why not invite the Chancellor over here to deal with the telegraph wire question?

A CONTEMPORARY which has time in this busy age to call itself the *Technische Siefensieder*, tells of a curious Chinese tree called the tallow tree.

This must be a sort of candle-arbre.

AN enquiring correspondent wants to know more about paper rails, said to be used on the railroads of Russia.

For the perfection of paper rails he had best consult the Administration criticisms in the *N. Y. Tribune*.

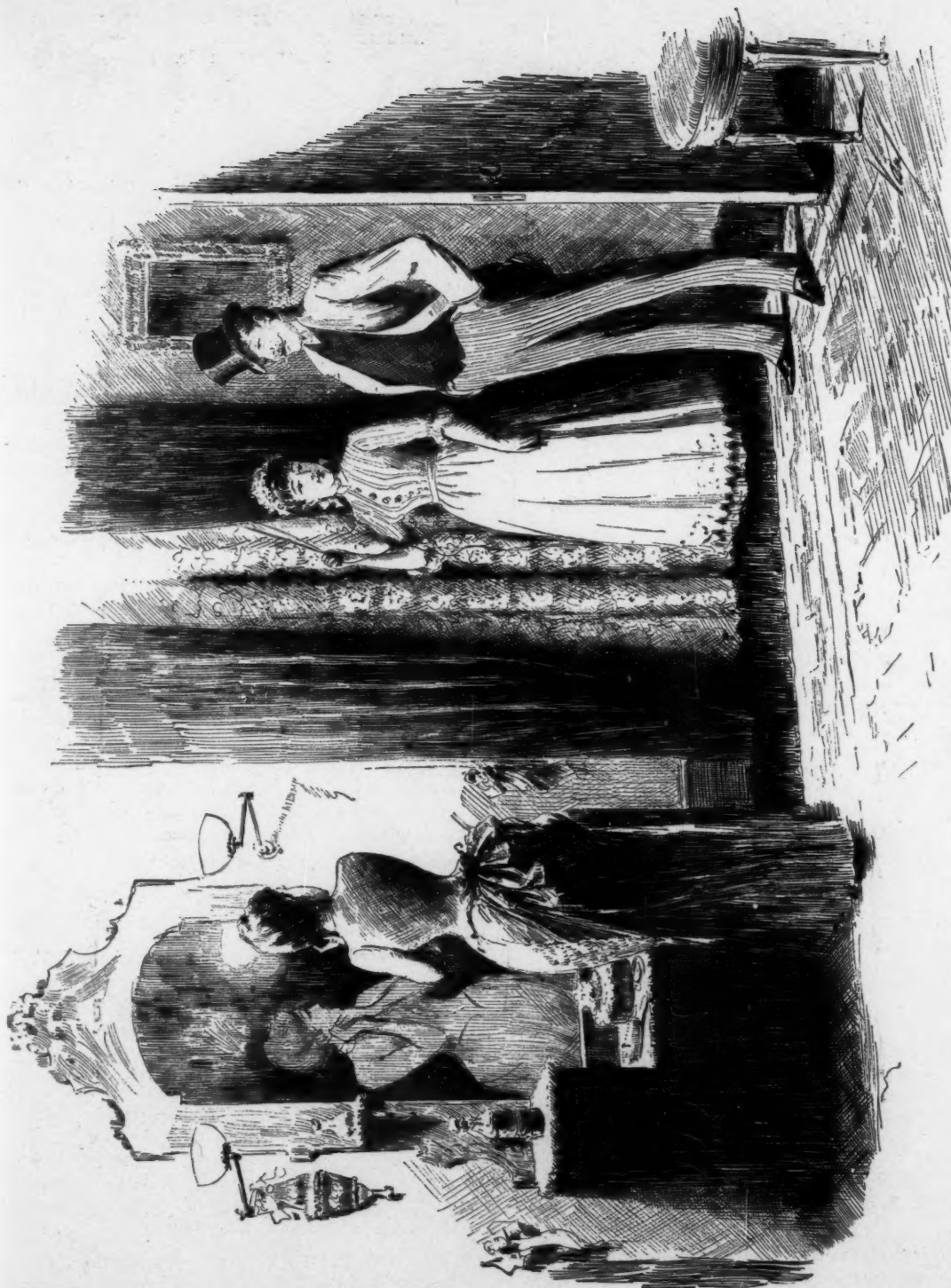
THE publishers of that unhappy bit of anonymity, *The Buntling Ball*, which has been striving to force itself into popularity and circulation by the ingenuity of its advertising rather than by its literary merit, claim that, because expert critics cannot rightly name the author it is absurd to say that it is possible, by the style or thought, to determine who wrote this or that book of the Bible.

A lovely bit of comparison this!

The Buntling Ball and the Bible!

Edgar Fawcett and Moses!

J. K. Bangs.



CHEAPER TO RIDE.

*Wife:* WHY, HARRY, HOW LATE YOU ARE TO-NIGHT!  
*Husband (a little the worse for wear):* YES, FELT NEED 'F EXERCISE AND WALKED UP.  
*Wife:* I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD WALK UP EVERY NIGHT. THE EXERCISE WOULD DO YOU GOOD.  
*Husband:* TOO (HIC) EXPENSIVE.

## A DUTY AND A PLEASURE.

IN justice to Mr. A. P. Di Cesnola, we publish a correct translation of a letter of his which we presented our readers a few weeks ago in a rather murderous form. We little suspected at the time that it would be taken as a specimen of what we could do in the field of translation, and we give with pleasure Mr. Di Cesnola's note, together with a proper rendering of the document.

Mr. Luigi Palma Di Cesnola, of Metropolitan fame, will also be delighted, we feel sure, with the precautions taken by his brother to prevent any possible confusions of the two reputations:

SIR—I have received by Post an article out of your newspaper, LIFE, dated Dec'ber 24th, 1885, which I suppose you sent\* and which regards myself and my brother. It is my custom never to take notice of anonymous letters or articles in newspapers when I do not know the Editor, and I will not break my rule nor make remarks upon your "foggy" writing of my poor person. But I must say a few words. My letter previous to the little biography was only printed for a few friends and acquaintances, but you have thought fit to publish it with I must say a most horrible translation. Allow me, therefore, to send you a proper translation written by the same pen as the Italian.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. P. DI CESNOLA.

GENTLEMEN—The military life which I undertook in my youth, the voyages which I have made to foreign lands, the archaeological studies to which I have devoted myself with so much love, and the works which I have published, having in so many ways a great analogy and resemblance to the life, travels, studies, and publications of my brother Luigi, at present Director of the New York Metropolitan Museum, this circumstance has given rise, even among my personal acquaintances, to mistakes which are very unpleasant to me, because that is often attributed to me which concerns my brother, and facts that redound to his honor are in many cases put down to me. So as to avoid a repetition of such mistakes, and to prevent the error of not giving to each his own, happening again, I have thought fit to collect, without commenting it, the history of our separate existences, and to draw it up in a comparative table, so that it may be the better seen how the great resemblance above mentioned has been the cause of so many deplorable mistakes. Allow me to present you with a copy united with this paper from which you can see all the facts. Accept my sincere respects and believe me to remain

Your devoted servant,

A. P. DI CESNOLA.

\* We did not send the copy.—EDITOR LIFE.

◆ NEW BOOKS ◆

*THE BOSS GIRL AND OTHER STORIES.* By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Brown Morrill Co.

*Madame De Maintenon.* An etude. By J. Cotter Morrison. New York: Scribner & Welford.

*Inquiendo Island.* By Hudor Genone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Two Strokes of the Bell.* By Charles Howard Montague. Boston: W. I. Harris & Co.

*Markof.* By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

THOSE who wish to secure much knowledge in a short space of time, and with little effort, should possess Mr. Robert H. Labberton's Historical Atlas. It is not only an extremely entertaining work, but gives a clearer and more lasting impression of the world's history, geographically considered, than volumes of written matter. The text is comprehensive, concise and most interesting reading, even when taken independently of the 141 invaluable maps which accompany it.

## OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE ENGLISH IN 1880.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ACQUISITION BY THE DUTCH—UNITED NEW NETHERLAND COMPANY.



AS may be well imagined, the display of wealth by Block upon his return home, and the assumption of the airs of a Stadt-Holder created quite a stir in exploring circles, and many were the schemes set on foot for the establishment of a permanent settlement in the new country.

The States-General, the Board of Aldermen for Holland, summoned Block before them, and he painted in glowing colors the advantages to be gained by civilizing a confiding and wealthy race of savages.

He displayed a map of the city as he had left it, in which the Block front played a prominent part. In fact, upon the map it appeared that Block's four hemlock shanties reached from Battery Park to Union Square, and when the returned explorer informed the Councillors that he had obtained all this at the low cost of a year's experience and twenty years' wear and tear on his conscience, they fairly beamed with joyous wonder. Indeed, one John of Barnevald, hitherto a decided Mugwump on the subject of Manhattan, and so devout a Christian that he was subsequently hung for it, admitted that in the course of time these regions might become of great importance to the Dutch republic.

Block petitioned to have the new land rechristened Blockville, but his request was denied, and he had to be content with the conferral of his name upon the sections into which the city was afterwards divided, and which still bear his name.

A further investigation by a Committee of Councillors of State showed that the Netherlands had done as much toward the advancement of this peculiar kind of civilization as any one, and the conscientious councillors therefore decided that they had a strong claim upon the land. To make their claim still stronger a band of squatters, under the command of a certain Peter Minuit, all with a large seating capacity, were sent over to take possession. This done, the way was clear for a proclamation from the home Government claiming ownership, and as all the other nations were busy with private enterprises of their own, the title was not disputed, except by



the English, to whom long custom made it more likely than remarkable that such a thing should be done.

A charter was granted to certain merchants, giving them "right of prey in the New Netherlands," and to such a extent did they carry their privileges, and so steadfastly did they prey, that they were permitted to assume the honor of being the first Salvation Army in the land.

Block never revisited the country, as he had conscientious scruples about overtaxing the hospitality of his former neighbors, and his employers, remembering the easy way in which Hendrick Hudson was lost to sight, sent him off to the Arctic regions after whales.

In the meantime Captain Christiansen, who had taken Block's vessel, reached Manhattan Island, but found it rather too hot for comfort to live near his predecessor's neighbors, and so in 1616 he went on up to Albany, where, in accordance with cable instructions from the Trading Company, he built a water-proof fort, which he named after the principle thoroughfare in New York at the time, Fort Nassau. This he placed under the command of one Jacob Eelkins or Elkins, who was said to have "winning ways" with the Indians.

In this respect he has hardly been outdone by subsequent members of his family, who have shown their devotion to the savage tribes by following them in their Western march, and whose presence in New Mexico on purely philanthropic ventures has been frequently remarked.

Christiansen, armed with gifts for the chiefs, returned to Manhattan Island and so entwined himself in the affections of the people that, through fear of losing him, they stabbed him in the back at a card party one Sabbath evening.

Malicious persons have said that, having taught his newly-made friends the art of poker only too well, Christiansen was on this occasion found guilty of a fifth ace. A thorough examination of the archives of Holland fail to disclose any trace of such a superfluity, and we conclude that Christiansen was a martyr to the love of the savages.



CHRISTIANSSEN WAS TOO FIVE-ACE-IOUS.

It is to be regretted that, while instilling the first principles of this noble game into the minds of the red men, Christiansen should have neglected his opportunity for giving the great American game an additional card which, in its influence upon the after fortunes of the race, would have been of inestimable value.

The merchants to whom the monopoly of the trade had been given assumed the title of the United New Netherland Company, and for four years did a thriving trade.

The Manhattanese, not understanding that peculiar system of finance in which the Dutch were adepts, soon found a ready market for their lands, and shifted the load of landlordism to other shoulders.

At the expiration of the New Netherland Company's charter it was found that the annual profits for the four years consisted of 500 otter skins, 15,000 beavers, and other freight of a value of \$12,000.

From this it will be seen that large fortunes were made in the city even at that remote period; and when we consider that a bell-topped beaver is to-day worth eight or ten dollars, and reflect that each skin produced four bottles of otter of roses, the sums thus realized rival the fabulous wealth of the famous Spada family of Italy.

#### THE POET TO HIS LOVE.

MY sun, my moon, my stars, my all,  
My light of love divine!  
I would that I might sing thy praise  
At fifteen cents per line\*!

W. J. D.

\* I'd get rich.

#### AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

OLD MR. BENTLY: "I see a breakfast has been given to an actor in New York, an' the paper says the guests were all seated at one o'clock."

Old Mrs. Bently: "One o'clock! I b'lieve in gettin' up early, but I would n't git out o' bed at one o'clock to eat the best breakfast ever cooked."







## "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

DALY'S THEATRE.

THE curtain 's up, the play 's begun,  
I strain my neck to see the fun.  
And why? In front sit two fair girls,  
With large, round bonnets o'er their curls.

The curtain falls, the play is done;  
I have seen nothing of the fun.  
And why? In front sat two fair girls,  
With large, round bonnets o'er their curls.

M. C.



"HAMLET" is not a cheerful production. There is hardly a line throughout the dreary five acts which could possibly call forth even the faint imitation of a smile. Don't tell me that you can spontaneously laugh at the grave-diggers, for I decline to believe it. They are both of them insufferable bores, delaying the delayed movement of a tedious tragedy. They did call forth a few sycophantic smirks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the other night, owing to the fact that the commencement of the last act is labeled in the annals of the stage with the words: "Here the audience may be merry."

If there had only been a sixth act, a pleasant relaxation in the shape of the burial of *Polonius*, *Laertes*, *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, who were terribly misrepresented by Boston Museum people, would have been afforded. My soul rejoiced when I saw them stark and dead on the stage; but to have beheld their funeral would have been a joy indescribable. Each grave-digger, too, might have had some more monologue.

In spite of the darksome nature of "Hamlet" there were some amusing features in Mr. Edwin Booth's representation Monday night. When the curtain rose for the first time upon the popular actor, he was seen sitting, with the tradi-

tional long face and black cloak, at the foot of the throne. His attitude was carefully studied. His right foot was extended; his head slightly drooped, and he looked as though he were sitting for his portrait. Of course he was vigorously applauded, and equally naturally the applause was made to cover at least a minute's duration. Mr. Booth sat there in his prescribed attitude, bowing under the most painful difficulties. He had hardly any room to move his head in; his extended foot remained glued to the floor, and altogether his appearance was mirth-provoking. But still he declined to un-pose himself.

Another feature, equally welcome as a relaxation, was found in the playful vagaries of a side-wing. Mr. Booth was soliloquizing as usual, and the side-wing, which seemed to represent the feelings of the audience, became restive. First it came partly forward, then it coyly retired; next, it almost thrust itself into Mr. Booth's facial extension, and finally it lost itself in the carpenters' region. This was trifling, but it was welcome as the flowers would be that bloomed on the graves of *Laertes*, *Claudius*, *Gertrude* and *Polonius*.

I am glad some authority has declared that a perfectly satisfactory *Hamlet* is not to be found on the stage to-day. The statement relieves a critic of much responsibility. If the perfectly satisfactory *Hamlet* did exist, I am afraid it would not be Edwin Booth. The American actor's careful study is, of course, very evident; his artistic appreciation of details is also apparent, while his impressive voice and varying intonation cannot fail to please. But his staginess is undeniable, and the melancholy Dane, with him, is a most unnatural and incomprehensible creature. Think of Mr. Booth, as *Hamlet*, going to bed, getting up in the morning, putting on his boots and sitting down to breakfast! The idea seems preposterous. And yet *Hamlet* must have done all these things to live.

Mr. Charles Barron, as the *Ghost*, was extremely successful. The only drawback to his effectiveness was the piece of green tarlatane he wore over his head. No doubt this was intended to look gauzy and weird, but it merely seemed as though he wanted to keep the flies from his armor.

\* \* \*

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S engagement at the Star Theatre was successfully commenced last Monday. His production of "Hernani" will be noticed next week, when it can be given the space it deserves. *Alan Dale.*

## SCRAPS.

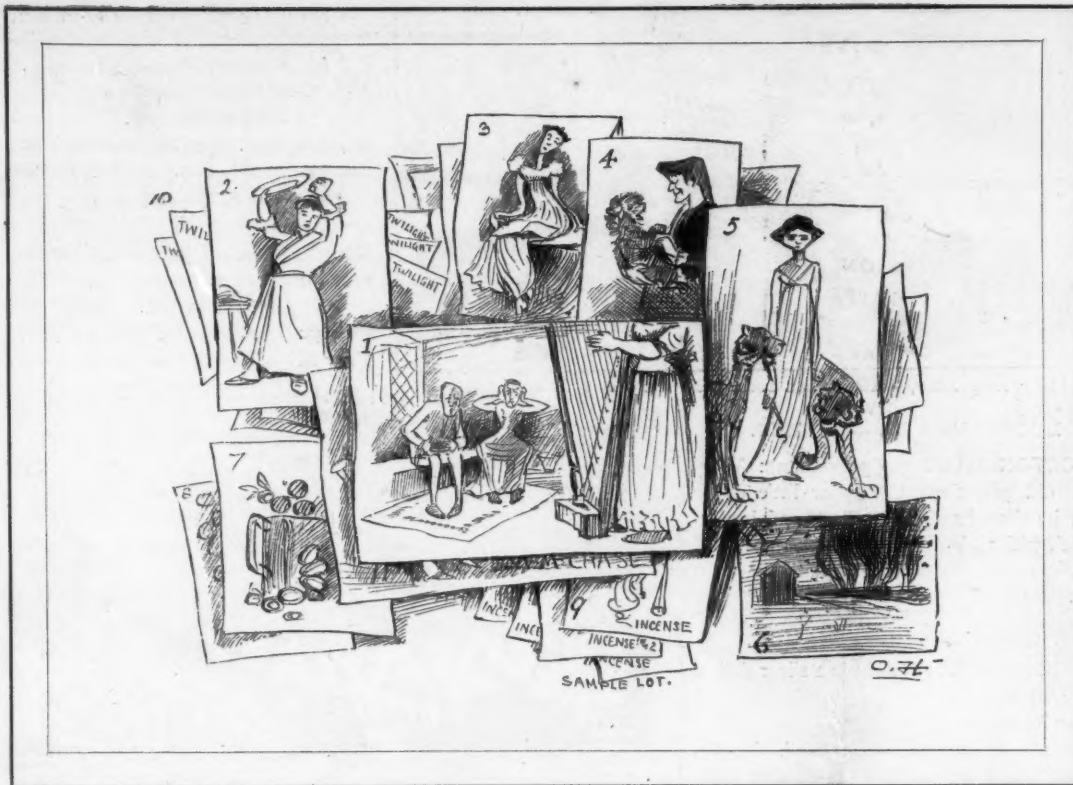
BEN ATETT has been arrested for counterfeiting in Washington Territory, and an investigation has developed the fact that he has Ben Atett for a number of years.

AN Englishman has demonstrated that a snail can creep 330 feet between sunrise and sunset. A race between a snail and a district messenger boy would excite great interest.

A BROOKLYN woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.



JILTED.



AT THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

(1.) THE OLD SONG.—E. A. ABBEY. (2.) BRIDGET ON THE WAR PATH.—W. M. CHASE. (3.) A NIGHTMARE.—P. MORAN. (4.) A SKIED TERRIER. (5.) ON THE WAY TO THE ARK.—F. S. CHURCH. (6.) EXPLOSION OF AN OIL WELL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—J. F. MURPHY. (7 AND 8.) STUDY OF HARD BOILED EGGS (VERY STRONG).—J. ALDEN WEIR. (9.) SAMPLES OF INCENSE. (10.) ASSORTED "TWILIGHTS."

N. B.—THE REST, CHIEFLY JAPANESE PICTURES, ARE UNFORTUNATELY CROWDED OUT.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

"**A** LA CARTE," h'm. Well, what shall we have?"

"O, anything."

"Nothing in particular that you care for?"

"Is n't there anything you care for?"

"No, anything you say."

"Anything *you* say."

"Well, I do n't care."

"Neither do I, I'm agreeable to anything."

"So 'm I."

"Well, what shall we have?"

"Let 's have a suggestion."

"Well, er— let 's see what they 've got; here, you look over the bill."

"Well, let 's see what 's ready. H'm, er— well, what do you say to beefsteak?"

"All right, unless you rather have chops."

"All right, chops if you say so?"

"Oh, no! I do n't care; do n't make any difference to me. Let 's stick to steak."

"Well, steak it is then. Now what shall we have with it?"

"Well, what do you say?"

"It do n't make any difference to me; anything you 'd like."

"I do n't care, anything you say."

"Anything *you* say."

"Well—or—well, what do you say to fried potatoes?"

"Well, you take fried potatoes and I 'll take er—let 's see the *menu*. H'm, well, I do n't know; well, guess I 'll have potatoes too."

"All right. Drink anything?"

"You drinking now?"

"Yes, if you are?"

"Well, what shall it be, Claret or Burgundy or—"

"Anything you say."

"Well, what do you say to—to—beer?"

"All right, beer it is then. Guess that 'll be enough."

"Here, wai— Where 's that dashed waiter gone to?"

"Waiter!"

"Waiter!"

"Wa-a-a-iter !!!"

"Yes sir, comin' sir; take your order, sir?"

"Yes. Steak an—"

"Sirloin or tenderloin, sir?"

"Well, er— You care?"

"Do n't make any difference to me."

"Nor me either."

"Well, then, tenderloin?"

"All right. Tenderloin, fried 'taters and beer."

"Wot kind of beer, sir?"

"Well, what 's your favorite?"

"I do n't care."

"I do n't, either; do n't make any difference to me."

"Nor me."

"Well, what do you say to Milwaukee?"

"All right, Milwaukee."

\* \* \* \* \*

Waiter (after ten minutes' absence): "Sorry, sir, but tenderloin 's all gone, sir; can get you a nice —"

"Gad, it's time to be back at the office; we 'll come in again—some Sunday."

Roland King.





"NOW THEN, FELLERS, ALL TOGETHER! SHE'S GOT TO COME."

#### LOOSE IN THE STREETS.

**B**OSTON LADY (to policeman): Why did you shoot that poor little dog? Was he disordered in intellect and beside himself with violent mental excitement?

Policeman: No, mum. That dog was mad.

#### A QUESTION OF FINANCE.

**L**ITTLE BOY: Pa, what is a silver dollar worth?

Pa: About eighty cents.

Little Boy (thoughtfully): Well, do the words "In God we Trust" mean that God has got the other twenty cents?



SHE COMES.



#### CONSOLATION.

*Smithkins*: YES, JONES, I AM FAT, DISTRESSINGLY FAT. BUT I HAVE ONE CONSOLATION. IN THE HAPPY HEREAFTER I SHALL NOT BE TROUBLED WITH THIS ADIPOSE EXCESS.

*Jones*: HOW SO?

*Smithkins*: WHY, YOU KNOW, CORPORATIONS HAVE NO SOULS.

#### MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

**G**AY Strephon sings in his delight,  
And on fair Chlœ's beauty bright  
He dreams in joy.

Ah, Strephon! eyes and lips and hair  
Tell naught of hearts. My lad, beware.  
And Streph., my boy,

When Chlœ sends your mit at last,  
While tears are falling thick and fast,  
I'll comfort you.

I'll say: Though Chlœ's false as fair,  
*Your mit with mine will make a pair.*

(She knit mine, too.) L. L. H.

#### FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

##### THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

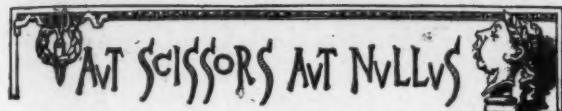
**A** WOLF having invited a Crane to dine, served the food in a shallow plate, so that the guest could not get any, while the host lapped up an abundance with his tongue. On the next day the Crane invited the Wolf to dinner, and the food, consisting of soup, was set out in a long-necked jar, which put it entirely out of the reach of the invited guest. But while the Crane had his head in the jar the Wolf knocked a hole in the bottom with a hammer and swallowed the greater part of the soup as it ran out.

**MORAL**: This Fable teaches that we should not despise the mental resources of those who move beneath us.

##### THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

**O**NE bright summer day some busy Ants reproved a lot of merry Grasshoppers that were dancing the happy hours away. But when frost came and the social season began, the Grasshoppers were such accomplished dancers that they were invited to all the hops and Germans, while the Ants were left out in the cold.

**MORAL**: This Fable teaches that the graceful and comely should not be wholly neglected in our profound attention to the smoke-house and corn-crib.



AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

"YES," sighed a recent widow, "we are very unfortunate. Poor John was out of work for a long time, and when he obtained a good job he died."

"What job did he get?" she was asked.

"He joined a circus and got \$20 a week for putting his head in the lion's mouth twice a day. That's all he had to do. It seems hard he should have died."

"What did he die of?"

"The lion bit his head off."—*Ex.*

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

"How did your lecture catch on at Sacramento?" asked Jenkyns, as he met Bibber, the temperance orator.

"Immense, my dear fellow. Had to put out a sign, 'Standing room only.'"

"Indeed. You surprise me."

"Yes; but do n't give it away. Some one moved the benches out of the hall before I got there."—*California Maverick.*

DIPLOMACY IN THE SMITH FAMILY.

MRS. HENDRICKS (to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who always manage to drop in about dinner time): "Now, you must stay to dinner. The bell will ring in a very few minutes, and—"

Mr. Smith: "Oh, thanks, Mrs. Hendricks, but we could n't think of it."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, no indeed. You are very kind, Mrs. Hendricks, but I have left baby alone with the nurse, and—John, do you think the baby will—"

Mr. Smith: "Oh, the baby is all right, Maria, but it looks a little like rain, and I think—er—perhaps we had better—"

Mrs. Smith: "I do n't mind the rain. We have an umbrella, and besides, I have n't anything on that water would hurt, but I'm afraid it's getting late, and I would n't like to put Mrs. Hendricks to any inconvenience—"

Mrs. Hendricks (resignedly): "Oh, it will be no inconvenience I assure you, Mrs. Smith—"

Mrs. Smith: "Are you quite sure? Well, what do you think. John, shall we—"

Mr. Smith: "I'll—er—leave it all to you, Maria, just as you think best about—"

Mrs. Smith: "Well, then, we may as well stay; but really, Mrs. Hendricks, we ought not to."—*Ex.*

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Mrs. Chillinghurst: "Thank you, I never dance polka."

Mr. Augustus Brazennose: "Well, if you ever should want to dance a polka you'll know where to come."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"WHAT a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is," whispered an old lady, in a court-room, to her husband. "I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Sh!" warned her husband, "that ai n't the prisoner. He ai n't been brought in yet."

"It ai n't! Who is it, then?"

"It's the judge."—*Ex.*

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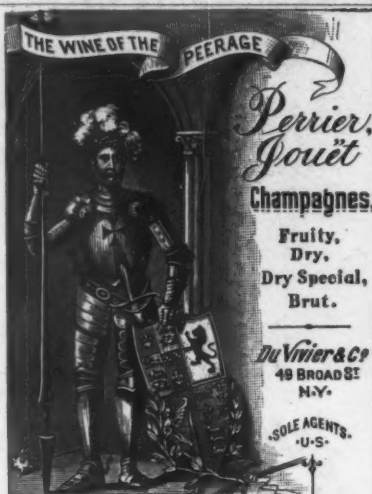
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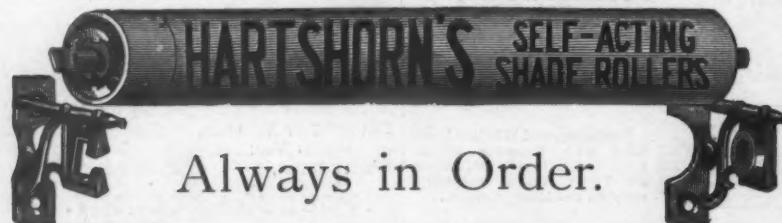
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